THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending Literature, Criticism Men and Manners, Amusement, Elegant Extracts, Poetry, Anecdotes, Biography, Meteorology, the Drama, Arts and Sciences, Wit and Satire, Fashions, Natural History, &c. &c. forming a handsome Annual Volume, with an Index and Title-page.—*Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Advertisements.*

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Antiquities.

ORIGIN, DESIGN, AND RELIGIOUS USE OF THE PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT.

From the Works of Monsieur Dupuis, concerning the original design and religious use of the Pyramids of Egypt.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

It is of importance that we do not lose sight of this consideration, that long ago authors wrote the history of the heavens, and particularly of the sun, as if they were writing the history of men, and that the people almost every where understood it to be a real history, and considered the hero of the story as a man who once had actually existed.

The priests generally did all that lay in their power to persuade the people, that the gods whom they adored had really lived, and had been princes, legislators, or men who had deserved well of their fellow men. It might be that the priests wished to give a lesson to the chiefs among the people, by instructing them, that they could only aspire to the same glory by imitating the actions of these ancient princes; or it might be, that the priests sought to give encouragement to virtue in the people, by persuading them that formerly the sceptre had been the reward of services rendered to the country, and not a patrimony hereditary in certain families.

They showed the tombs of the gods, as if those gods had actually existed; they celebrated the different feasts, the intention of which was annually to renew the grief which their loss had at first occasioned.

Such was the tomb of Osiris, covered under those enormous masses known by the name of Pyramids, which the Egyptians raised to that star, which dispenses day-light.

One of them has its four faces or fronts looking towards the four cardinal points of the world.

Each of these faces has a base of 110 fathoms, and each face forms an equilateral triangle.

The perpendicular height is seventy-seven fathoms (according to the measurements given by Chazelles, of the Academy of Sciences.) It results from these dimensions, and from the latitude under which this pyramid is raised, that, fourteen days before the spring equinox, (the precise epoch in which the Persians celebrated the renewing of nature,) it would cease to throw any shadow at mid-day, and that it would not project any shadow again (at mid-day) until fourteen days after the autumnal equinox; consequently, the day on which the sun's southern declination was 5 deg. 15 min. (which happened twice a year, —once before the vernal equinox, and once after the autumnal equinox,) the sun would appear at mid-day precisely upon the very pinnacle of the pyramid. His majestic disk, placed upon that immense pedestal, would seem to repose upon it for some minutes, whilst his adorers, kneeling down at its foot, prolonging their view along the inclined plane of the northern face of the pyramid, contemplated the great Osiris, either as he descended into the shade of the tomb, or as he rose triumphant out of it.

It would appear that the Egyptians, ever great in all their designs, had executed a project, the most daring which imagination could conceive, that of placing a pedestal for the sun and for the moon, or for Osiris and Isis, at mid-day for the one, and at midnight for the other, when they arrived in that part of the heavens, near which the line passes, that separates the northern from the southern hemisphere, the reign of good from the reign of evil, the empire of light from the empire of darkness.

They wished that all shadow should disappear from all the faces of the pyramid at mid-day, during all the time that the sun sojourned in the enlightened hemisphere, and that the northern face should fall into shade when night recommenced his reign in our hemisphere, that is to say, at the moment when Osiris would descend into the tomb, and into hell.

The tomb of Osiris was covered with shadow during nearly six months, after which light invested it entirely at mid-day, as soon as Osiris, having returned from hell, resumed his empire, by passing into the hemisphere of light.

Then he was restored to Isis, and to the god of spring, Orus, who had at last conquered the Genius of Darkness, and of Winter.

What a sublimity in the idea! In the centre of the pyramid is a cave, which they say is the tomb of an ancient king. That king is the husband of Isis—the famous Osiris, that beneficent king, who, the people believed, reigned long ago over Egypt, but whom the priests and philosophers knew to be that powerful star which governs the world, and enriches it with his benefits.

Liverpool. Q.

Literature, Criticism, &c.

ORIGIN, &c. OF THE CRUSADES.

At a time when the author of the Scots novels is reviving the recollection of those fooleries called 'Crusades,' the following entertaining extract on the subject cannot fail to interest our readers.—*Edit. Kal.*

There is seldom an age of the world in which there is not some public imposture going on, the fashion about which rages as much for the time as the most frivolous one in dress;—witness the Crusades in Richard's time,—the ridiculous attempt of the Inquisition to convert all the world to one opinion,—the useless study of Alchymy and Astrology, together with the Elixir Vitæ and the Philosopher's Stone,—Demonology, or the finding and burning of witches in James the First's time; when in sermons, some of which are still in print, those were publicly denounced from the pulpit as infidels and atheists who did not believe in witchcraft,—the El Dorado, or golden kingdom of Brazil in Elizabeth's time, as fabled by Sir Walter Raleigh,—the South Sea Scheme,—the attempt of the enthusiasts to convert all the world to one religion,—and the Joint-stock Companies of the present day, one of which Mr. M. A. Taylor said, in the House of Commons, showed him a prospectus for working 160 acres of chalk.

ORIGIN OF THE CRUSADES.

From the time that Christianity was disseminated through countries remote from Palestine, the converts often dwelt with reverence upon the Holy Land, associating it with feelings of piety and devotion; and the priests inculcated, that by pilgrimages to Jerusalem, and prostration before the sepulchre of Christ, the Divine favour would be effectually obtained. Afterwards, the pilgrims associated in large masses for better security in travelling; and they often petitioned the Pope to rescue the tomb of Christ from the polluted hands of the infidels, the Turks. Pope Gregory the Seventh, believing that, by encouraging such an attempt, he might aggrandize the church, soon made preparations for carrying it into effect. When the causes, some of which are here mentioned, are taken into view, our surprise at the infatuation which spread throughout Europe must in a great degree cease; it was just what from human nature so situated, and wrapped in intellectual darkness, might have been expected.

In the first crusade, the infatuated multitude (heaven-directed as they considered themselves) was divided into three armies, if to such an assemblage that epithet can be applied; the first band perished wretchedly in Bulgaria; the second, which was led by the celebrated Peter the Hermit, following the same course with their predecessors, boldly opposed the enemies with whom they had to struggle; but inexperienced in the art of war, and destitute of the supplies which they required, encountered the most grievous sufferings: after obtaining some splendid advantages, they were scattered in terror, and only a few reached the neighbourhood of Constantinople. The third division exceeded in numbers, and in savage and abasing enthusiam, all that had gone before. In the fury of their fanatical zeal they sacrificed 700 Jews, whom they detested as enemies of the Saviour, and then hastened forward to display the same zeal against the infidels of the Holy Land. Their numbers and their ferocity spread universal consternation: they ventured to attack a strong city in Hungary, but when the siege was about to be crowned with success, they were unaccountably struck with a panic; they fled, as was to be expected, in the wildest disorder; they were pursued with such slaughter that the Danube ran red with blood, and merely a wretched remnant was able to penetrate to Constantinople. But this only describes the multitude, and not the honourable knights and principal leaders; the regular forces of the Cross, embodied under high-minded chieftains, must not be confounded with these dregs of European population.

Other expeditions, too tedious and disgusting to enumerate, were fitted out professedly for delivering Palestine; but they were latterly, in the case of the capture of Constantinople, directed to purposes very little connected with religion; and at length, after the failure of nine crusades, the sacrifice of two millions of men, and the lapse of two hundred years, the miserable infatuation terminated, which had exhausted the strength and the treasures of Christian Europe. This termination was naturally to be expected; the only ground of astonishment is, that it was so long protracted. It might, however, have been still longer deferred, had not the conduct of the Pontiffs in some degree opened the eyes even of their own deluded votaries. They soon discerned the vast advantages which they might derive from the prevailing infatuation. At first, they granted indulgences only to those who actually assumed the Cross, but they at length introduced the practice of bestowing them upon such as afforded money for

conducting the holy wars. This money they often appropriated to their own purposes, and finding the convenience of such knavery, they proclaimed crusades whenever they wished their treasury to be filled, and gladly deposited in it what the deluded multitude cheerfully paid. They also directed against heretics the same zeal which had been at first turned against the infidels, and lavished their benedictions and pardons to the men who were engaged in the sad work of destroying liberty of conscience, and wresting from their fellow-creatures the sacred right of examining the records of divine truth. It was impossible not to discern that the spirit of crusading was thus made by the Popes the engine of their avarice and ambition; and nothing could be more effectual, than the suspicion of this, to cool the zeal which had so long glowed through the church. When the funds derived from the crusades were declining, the Pope set up the Inquisition, in order to benefit by the forfeiture of the property of all such as were burnt.

CONDUCT OF THE CRUSADERS.

The murders, rapes, robberies, and burnings committed in their route to the Holy Land, and the dreadful storming of Antioch, &c. were nothing to what took place on getting a tumultuous and forcible possession of Jerusalem, their leaders stimulating them to revenge and cruelty. In the great mosque of Omar alone were ten thousand Mussulmen slaughtered. This was within the walls of Jerusalem, where a sense of the kind and merciful spirit of the Redeemer might have been expected to soothe them to tenderness and humanity: but not satisfied with their first outrages, they, in the coolness of deliberation, ordered a second massacre, as a measure of precaution for securing their conquest. The subjugated people were dragged into the public places, and slain as victims: women, with children at the breast, girls and boys, all were slaughtered. The squares, the streets, and even the uninhabited places of Jerusalem, again were strewed with the dead bodies of men and women, and the mangled limbs of children. The city was then washed, and the task was performed by some Saracenian slaves.

After all this fury was over, the soldiers laid down their arms, washed their hands, and put on habiliments of repentance. In the spirit of humility, with contrite hearts, with tears and groans, they walked over all those places which the Saviour had consecrated by his presence. The whole city was influenced by one spirit; the people vowed to sin no more; and the sick and the poor were liberally relieved by the great, who thought themselves sufficiently rich and happy in living to see that day.—*See Review of Mill's History of Crusades, Edinburgh Review*, vol iv. p. 509, &c.

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS.

[*Continued from our last.*]

THE BETROTHED.

The first of the Tales, the *Betrothed* (says a cotemporary) is in every respect inferior to the *Talisman*. The scene is laid on the borders of Wales, about the close of the 12th century, and the men and manners of these turbulent and barbarous times are described with all the accustomed power and vigour of the author. We give the following spirited and characteristic sketch of a part of the defence of the *Garde Dolourense*, the Castle of the Betrothed; *Wilkin Flammock* and *Father Aldrovand* are two characters as perfectly original as any of the author's previous creations.

"The defenders of the Garde Dolourense resembled the embarrassed traveller engaged in repelling a swarm of hornets, who, while he brushes them from one part fix in swarms upon another, and drive him to despair by their numbers, and boldness and multiplicity of their attacks. The postern, being of course a principal point of attack, Father Aldrovand, whose anxiety would not permit him to be absent from the walls, and who, indeed, where decency would permit, took an occasional share in the active defence of the place, hasten thither as the point chiefly in danger.

"Here he found the Fleming, like a second Ajax, grim with dust and blood, working with his own hands the great engine which he had lately helped to erect, and at the same time giving heedful eye to all the exigencies around.

"'How thinkest thou of this day's work?' said the monk in a whisper.

"'What skills it talking of it, father!' replied Flammock; thou art no soldier, and I have no time for words.'

"'Nay, take thy breath,' said the monk, tucking up the sleeves of his frock; 'I will try to help thee the whilst; although (our lady pity me) I know nothing of these strange devices,—not even their names. But our rule commands us to labour; there can be no harm, therefore, in turning this winch, or in placing this steel headed piece of wood opposite to the cord, (suiting his action to his words,) nor see I aught uncanonical in adjusting the lever thus, or in touching this spring.'

"The large bolt whizzed through the air as he spoke, and was so successfully aimed, that it struck down a Welsh chief of eminence, to whom Gwenwyn himself was in the act of giving some important charge.

"'Well done, *trebuchet*—well flown, *quarrel!*' cried the monk, unable to contain his delight, and giving, in his triumph, the technical names to the engine, and the javelin which it discharged.'

"'And well aimed, monk,' added Wilkin Flammock; 'I think thou knowest more than is in thy breviary.'

"'Care not thou for that,' said the father; 'and now that thou seest I can work an engine, and that the knaves seem something low in stomach, what think'st thou of our estate?'

"'Well enough—for a bad one—if we may hope for speedy succour: but men's bodies are of flesh, not of iron, and we may be at last wearied out by numbers. Only one soldier to four yards of wall, is a fearful odds; and the villians are aware of it, and keep us to sharp work.'

"The renewal of the assault here broke off their conversation, nor did the active enemy permit them to enjoy much repose until sunset; for, alarming them with repeated menaces of attack, and making two or three formidable and furious assaults upon different points, they left them scarce time to breathe or to take a moment's refreshment. Yet the Welsh paid a severe price for their temerity; for, while nothing could exceed the bravery with which their men repeatedly advanced to the attack, those which were made latest in the day had less of animated desperation than their first onset; and it is probable, that the sense of having sustained great loss, and apprehension of its effects on the spirits of his people, made nightfall, and the interruption of the contest, as acceptable to Gwenwyn as to the exhausted garrison of the Garde Dolourense."

THE TALISMAN.

Sir Kenneth of the Sleeping Leopard, and Saladin after the Combat.

"The provision which each had made for his refreshment was simple, but the meal of the Saracen was abstemious. A handful of dates, and a morsel of coarse barley bread, sufficed to relieve the hunger of the latter, whose education had habituated him to the fare of the desert, although, since their Syrian conquests, the Arabian simplicity of life frequently gave place to the most unbounded profusion of luxury. A few draughts from the lovely fountain by which they reposed completed his meal. That of the Christian, though coarse, was more genial. Dried hog's flesh, the abomination of the Musulman, was the chief part of his repast; and his drink, derived from a leathern bottle, contained something better than pure element. He fed with more display of appetite, and drank with more appearance of satisfaction, than the Saracen judged it becoming to show in the performance of a mere bodily function; and, doubtless, the secret contempt which each entertained for the other, as the follower of a false religion, was considerably increased by the marked difference of their diet and manners. But each had found the weight of his opponent's arm, and the mutual respect which the bold struggle had created was sufficient to subdue other and inferior considerations. Yet the Saracen could not help remarking the circumstances which displeased him in the Christian's conduct and manners; and, after he had witnessed for some time in silence the keen appetite which protracted the knight's banquet long after his own concluded, he thus addressed him:

"'Valiant Nazarene, is it fitting that one who can fight like a man should feed like a dog or a wolf?—Even a misbelieving Jew would shudder at the food which you eat, as if it were fruit from the trees of Paradise.'

"'Valiant Saracen,' answered the Christian, looking up with some surprise at the accusation thus unexpectedly brought, 'know thou that I exercise my Christian freedom, in using that which is forbidden to the Jews, being, as they esteem themselves, under the bondage of the old law of Moses. We, Saracen, be it known to thee, have a better warrant for what we do—Ave Maria!—be we thankful.' And, as if in defiance of his companion's scruples, he concluded a short Latin grace with a long draught from the leathern bottle.

"'That, too, you call a part of your liberty,' said the Saracen; 'and as you feed like the brutes, so you degrade yourself to the bestial condition, by drinking what even they refuse!'

"'Know, foolish Saracen,' replied the Christian, without hesitation, 'that thou blasphemest the gifts of God, even with the blasphemy of thy father Ishmael. The juice of the grape is given to him that will use it wisely, as that which cheers the heart of man after toil, refreshes him in sickness, and comforts him in sorrow. He who so enjoyeth it, may thank God for his wine-cup as for his daily bread; and he who abuseth the gift of Heaven, is not a greater fool in his intoxication than thou in thine abstinence.'

"The keen eye of the Saracen kindled at this sarcasm, and his hand sought the hilt of his poniard. It was but a momentary thought, however, and died away in the recollecting of the powerful champion with which he had to deal, and the desperate grapple, the impression of which still throbbed in his limbs and veins; and he contented himself with pursuing the contest in words, as more convenient for the time.

"'Thy words,' he said, 'O, Nazarene, might create anger, did not thy ignorance raise compassion. Seest thou not, O thou more blind than any one who asks alms at the door of the mosque, that the liberty thou dost boast of is restrained even in that which is dearest to man's happiness, and to his household; and that thy law, if thou dost practise it, binds thee in marriage to one single mate, be she sick or healthy, be she fruitful or barren, bring she comfort or joy, or clamour and strife, to thy table and to thy bed? This, Nazarene, I do indeed call slavery; whereas, to the faithful, hath the Prophet assigned upon earth the patriarchal privileges of Abraham our father, and of Solomon, the wisest of mankind, having given us here a succession of beauty at our pleasure, and beyond the grave the black-eyed houris of paradise.'

"'Now, by his name that I most reverence in heaven,' said the Christian, 'and by hers that I most worship on earth, thou art but a blinded and a bewildered Infidel! That diamond signet, which thou wearest on thy finger, thou holdest it, doubtless, as of inestimable value?'

"'Balsorn and Bagdad cannot show the like,' replied the Saracen; 'but what avails it to our purpose?'

"'Much,' replied the Frank, 'as thou shalt thyself confess. Take my war axe, and dash the stone into twenty shivers; would each fragment be as valuable as the original gem, or would they, all collected, bear the tenth part of its estimation?'

"'That is a child's question,' answered the Saracen; 'the fragments of such a stone would not equal the entire jewel in the degree of hundreds to one.'

"'Saracen,' replied the Christian warrior, 'the love which a true knight binds on one only, fair and faithful, is the gem entire; the affection thou flingest among thy enslaved wives, and half-wedded slaves, is worthless, comparatively, as the sparkling shivers.'"

[FROM THE EDINBURGH WEEKLY ADVERTISER.]

LOCHANDU.

A TALE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Of all the romances with which the press has teemed of late years, this is unquestionably the best, next to those of the author of Waverley. It has been rumoured, we do not know upon what grounds, that its author is a Scotch Baronet; and it has also been surmised, that he is no other than the *Great Unknown* himself, who, finding that his long and familiar intercourse with the public has dissipated the mystery of his concealment, chooses to assume a new and more impenetrable mask. However, we deem the surmise to be without any proper foundation. The first chapter in the work, which is evidently the worst, as being the most laboured, proves that the work is a first attempt. In reading that chapter, we can conceive of the author as of a young phœnix, trimming its pinions, and awkwardly fluttering them to try their strength before adventuring into its element. As the tale advances, we observe in its author an increasing confidence, till, at length, he fearlessly soars to the sublimest heights in the regions of genius, and dallies with its lightnings. We observe also, that though some of the characters are vigorously drawn, none of them are original, like those of the *Great Unknown*, who, above all living writers, has the Shakspearian faculty of *creating*, and of integrating, as it were, by the force of sympathy, and the aid of analogies, the beings of his own imagining, with the world of realities. We speak not thus of the supernatural characters only of

this great writer, but also of his human ones, many of which are more original than the other, though such is their *vraisemblance*, that we persuade ourselves their prototypes in real life have come under our observation.—*Admiral Cable Oakenwold* is, perhaps, the best sea character, after those of Smollett, ever sketched; and our only objection to it is, that it bears so striking a resemblance to the testy old gentlemen of the drama, who are ever and anon crying out, "Zounds! do not put me in a passion; you know I'm the best natured man in existence, if yo'uld let me have my own way," &c. His phraseology is excellent; though not so rich as *Commodore Trunion's*, it is fully as characteristic. *Cleaver*, also, is a character of the first water; his gormandising propensities mellow its bluntness most delightfully, and we only regret that its effect should be marred by a ridiculously solemn and argumentative speech put in his mouth, as addressed to *Lord Eglesham*, upon the occasion of *Eliza's* abduction by *Antonio* and *the Pirates*. We cannot go over all the other characters. *Amherst* is decidedly superior to that of the heroes of the *Great Unknown*, as *Elixa* is inferior to his heroines —*Lucy Ashton*, *Amy Robsart*, &c. for example. The principal scene of the romance is the east side of the central Grampians, in Strathspey and Badenoch; where, from the great extent of subjacent country, the chivalrous spirit of the Highlands has ever been more modified or adulterated than on the western side. It does not offend us, therefore, Scotchmen as we are, that the picture he presents us of Highland manners, is forbidding in the extreme. A thought has struck us, (we cannot vouch for its soundness) that the author has been partly beholden for his dark and savage outlines of the Highland character, to that beautiful, but most neglected poem, "The Unfortunate Shepherdess," in which the Highlands are pictured to us as a boundless waste, where nature inertly reigns, the heath and the wild rose alone attesting her prolific powers; and her dreary solitude being only disturbed by the humming of insects, or the lowing of cattle near to some sequestered shieling. Instead of the gathering and stately march of clans, we have ignoble mercenary *Creachs*, scourging the land into desolation; and for mailed chieftains, glowing with ambition and pride, we have the prowling robber, with the ready steel at his side, thirsting for plunder. When the author descends to polished life, he feels perfectly at home; and describes manners and things with a self-possession and felicity, which reminds us of, only to increase our disgust for, that affectation of *savoir vivre*—of a knowledge of the usages of high life which has become so prevalent with third-rate writers, as it always has been with lacqueys and waiting-maids. The author has discovered the great charm of romance and novel reading. He casts at once a potent spell over the mind of the reader, making it impossible that it should estrange itself a moment from the progress of the tale, until its conclusion; imposing upon it the most breathless attention, and causing it to be enamoured of the shocks to which its sensibility is subjected—of being harrowed with terror and wrung with anguish. Independently of the ingenuity of the plot, the situations are so astonishing, at the same time natural; the incidents follow each other so rapidly, and each is so overpowering, that anxiety is ever kept on the stretch; and curiosity is no sooner gratified than it is again more powerfully excited. The description of the gardener's starving family, in the first volume, is the finest example of the pathetic we happen to know; and subserves the main plot most beautifully. There is much sober and melancholy grandeur, and what we would call elegant mystery, in the introduction of Amherst, by Lord Eglesham, to Eliza. The harmony of the architectural accompaniments of the scene, with the costume of his Lordship and the governess; the contrast of costume, and opposition of age and sex, altogether present a subject worthy the pencil of Leslie. The scenes of horror are innumerable—each of them excellent in its way. We still shudder when we reflect upon the discourse between *Lochandu* and his wife, which was overheard by Amherst; but as a masterpiece in the same line, we would refer to the scene where Amherst conceals himself above the rafters of the robbers' hut, stretched out alongside the bleeding corse of the murdered officer. In referring to that scene, we cannot but remark, that the miller, a remorseless, bloody villain, is the best sketched character in the romance, not excepting *Lochandu* himself, and his brother Alexander. *Bellybags, the mumper*, is a powerful sketch. We think we recognize his prototype in a wretched mendicant, without limbs, who is drawn along the streets of this city in a wheelbarrow by two black mastiffs. These hasty remarks ill embody the sublime impressions which this admirable romance has left on our mind. One general impression we have to state, namely, that in all respects, but that of originality of character, this work will bear a comparison with the very best of the Scotch series.

Biographical Notices.

NARRATIVE OF OWEN ROBERTS.

(Concluded from our last.)

I sailed next on board the ship Thomas, Captain Clarke, bound to Grenada, and back to Liverpool. The next ship was the Hitherington, Mark Seddon, a bold commander, bound to Tortola; in our passage home to Liverpool we had the good fortune to take a prize.

The next ship was the St. Peter, private ship of war, Nehemiah Holland, commander; on our cruise, we took a French East Indiaman, from Pondicherry, laden with a very valuable cargo, and three millions of money, but fortune soon frowned upon us, for we fell in with two French men of war, one of 64, and the other of 44 guns, who took us and our prize, stripped us naked to the skin, and threw us into a French prison, where I lay for twenty months, having no bed but the hard stones. While I was there, a number of prisoners made their escape out of prison, by burrowing a road under ground, into a liquor vault, but they were unfortunately brought back again, and for their attempt were thrown into a dungeon, knee deep in mud, and fed on bread and water, by which hardship a fever broke out amongst them, and a great number died; some mornings there were as many dead bodies as filled a cart. When I was released, I was shipped at St Maloes, and landed at Torbay, in the west of England, from thence I travelled to London, and from London to Liverpool. When I got home I found nothing but distress, and I was not worth one farthing, so I soon shipped myself again to sea on board the Nancy, Captain George Nelson, bound to the Coast of Africa for slaves.

We carried our slaves to Old Harbour, Jamaica, where I was pressed on board His Majesty's ship Grafton, of 74 guns, William Gronier, commander. While cruising in this ship, we fell in with the French ship Marquis d'La Fayette, of 74 guns, which after a desperate engagement of six glasses, struck her colours; she was bound from France to America, with money to pay the troops; on board of her were a great many English prisoners, who were glad to hear that the ship had struck, by which they recovered their liberty; very soon after we were sent to England to convoy a fleet of merchantmen. When I arrived at Portsmouth, I was paid off and drafted on board the Preffee, of 64 guns, Captain Buckingham. Being out on a cruise with the Agamemnon, we fell in with the French fleet who chased us into Plymouth Sound, from whence we made sail for Torbay, and joined the grand fleet, who soon went in search of the French, but could not find them, so we returned back to Portsmouth, and I was there invalided.

I returned to Liverpool, and shipped myself on board the Mermaid, Captain John Reynolds, bound to the coast of Africa for slaves, which we sold at Grenada. While on board this ship, we took a Spanish ship, bound to Lisbon; in about two days after we fell in with a ship's long boat, with fourteen men in her. Their ship had foundered at sea, in a storm, and they took to the boat; in which they were tossed to and fro for fourteen days, and at the time we took them in were almost famished. At Grenada I went on board the Champion, Captain Welsh, cruising in the West Indies, but had no success in her. Being put in the room of an impressed man, I was sent to St. Lucia; from whence I came home in the Jenny, Captain Parks.

I next shipped myself on board the Adventure, Captain M'Galley, and sailed to the coast of Africa for slaves, which we sold at St. Dominica, and returned to Liverpool. The next ship I sailed in was the Ant, Captain Wilson, to Africa, for slaves, and sold them and the vessel also at Grenada, where I shipped myself for Liverpool, in the Grape, Captain Tomlinson.

I was next in the Richard, Captain Richard Boothby, on a voyage to Pillau, in Russia, and back to Liverpool.

I then shipped myself again to the coast of Africa, for slaves, and we sold at Surinam; but coming home, we were taken by the French, and carried into St. Domingo. I lost all my clothes and wages, and suffered imprisonment for more than six months. When released out of confinement, I was put on board his Majesty's ship Vengeance, of 74 guns, commanded by Captain Russel. We cruised in the West Indies some time; but I being old and infirm, they discharged me at Martinico, and I shipped myself on board the Huntingdon, Captain Makie, for London; but we put into Cork, and I left the vessel there and got a passage to Liverpool. I then shipped myself for Martha Bray, Jamaica, in the Hope, Captain John Bennett, and came back to Liverpool. The next vessel I sailed in was the John, Captain Lester, to St. John's, Antigua, where I was taken sick, and left her; came to London in the Union, Capt. Robert Brust, and thence to Liverpool.

The next ship I was in was the Cyclops, Capt. William Grice, bound to the coast of Africa for slaves. When we were off the east end of Jamaica, having 440 slaves on board, we were taken by a French privateer, and carried into Guadaloupe; where I suffered imprisonment, and lost all I had. After leaving Guadaloupe, I got on board the Thetis transport, Captain George Irving, and came in her to London; from whence I travelled to Liverpool.

I then went on a cruise in the Earl of Derby private ship of war, commanded by Captain Jonah Perrin: in this vessel I was interpreter. After cruising about six weeks we took a prize, in latitude 40 degrees; she was a French ship, bound from Guadaloupe to France. We then proceeded on our voyage to Antigua, and took in a cargo for London. When we arrived at London, she ship was sold, and I came to Liverpool.

I afterwards shipped myself on board the Lord Duncan, commanded by Captain King, a contract slave ship. We lay eight months on the coast; from whence we sailed to Kingston, Jamaica, where we sold our slaves, and the vessel also. I then went a privateering on board the Robert, Capt. Wilson, and cruised on the Spanish main, where we took a prize, and returned to Jamaica; whence I shipped myself for Liverpool, in the Backhouse, Captain Roberts.

I next sailed to the coast of Africa, in the Thomas, Captain Atkinson; in which vessel I made three voyages. On the third voyage, while lying at anchor at Cape Mountserrada, May 9th, 1803, we were attacked by two French privateers; we got springs on our cables, and fought them for four glasses, and the engagement was hot on every side: but being overpowered by six times our number of men, we were obliged to strike. When they told me the colours were struck, I cried out, with a loud voice, "Hoist them up again! hoist them up again!" and when I got to Baltimore, Mr. Gabriel Wood, the English Consul, spoke very kindly to me, and used me very well, on account of my behaviour in the engagement. The first thing they did, they stripped us of all our clothes, and carried us to Gavenne, in South America; where they put us and two more ships' companies on board of the American ship Appreror, Captain Conklin, who took us to Baltimore, State of Maryland, North America, where I was set at liberty. Out of the three ships' companies there was no one bound for England but myself, and, as there was no ship at Baltimore, I was obliged to travel 120 miles to Philadelphia. I had a certificate given me, and twopence per mile allowed for my journey, and the laws of the country is, that if a person has got a pass he may go into a tavern for refreshment, and they are obliged to give him what is necessary, or they run the risk of paying a fine and losing their license. The road from Baltimore to Pennsylvania was all through woods both on the right and left; after that it was clear land.

When I arrived at Philadelphia I applied to Mr. Bond, the English Consul, for relief, and he gave me a piece of bread and a pint of grog, which was all I could obtain from him. But it happened that there was a ship belonging to Greenock, almost loaded with mahogany, for Liverpool, commanded by Captain M'Farlane, and both he and his wife behaved well to me, and clothed me from head to foot, and when we arrived at Liverpool he gave me six pounds in money besides some beef and pork.

The next vessel I sailed in was a schooner, called the Adventure, Captain Watt, who was a part owner. We sailed to the river Congo for slaves, and sold them at Surinam. On our homeward-bound passage we had the misfortune to spring our mainmast, and was obliged to put back to St. Vincent's to repair it. We were used very hard on board this vessel. At last, through God's providence, we got safe to Liverpool.

I then shipped myself once more to the coast of Africa, for slaves, on board the brig Eagle, Captain Michael Mills. We stayed three months on the coast, and experienced very bad usage during the whole time. We sold our slaves at Kingston, Jamaica, where the Captain turned me on shore against my will, and as I was an infirm old man I was a long time before I could get a ship to bring me to England. At the long run, I got a passage on board the John Bull, Captain Leigh, and we arrived in Liverpool on the 22d of September, 1807.

I am now grown old, infirm, and quite blind, my right arm being much disabled from my shoulder to the finger-ends. I have been so often taken by the French, that poverty and infirmities have fallen to my lot. I must have been born under an unlucky planet; for, after all my toils, I have now, in my old age, to encounter penury and want; but I hope, through the good providence of God, that I shall be able to overcome all these evils. I was born 17th March, 1739, and can certify that I have sailed in all the above vessels, and been at all the different parts of the globe mentioned. OWEN ROBERTS.

Chapel-street, Liverpool, June 21, 1825.

Poetry.

The first two following pieces are extracted from the "Tales of the Crusaders:"—

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

Soldier, wake!—the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story,
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror,
Ever are the morning's mirror.

Arm and up—the morning beam
Hath called the rustic to his team,
Hath called the falc'ner to the lake,
Hath called the huntsman to the brake;
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.
Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain;
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream:
Yet each is up, and each has toiled,
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled;
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barters life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror!
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

THE TRUTH OF WOMAN.

Woman's faith and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust;
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.

I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid;
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand;
I told ma true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken;
Again her word and troth she plight,
And I believed them again ere night.

IMPROMPTU,

ON ONE WHO HAD BEEN RUINED BY GAINING A LAW-SUIT.

Whoe'er takes counsel of his friends,
Will ne'er take *counsel* of the Law;
Whate'er his means, whate'er his ends,
Still shall he no advantage draw.

Justice in vain may urge her plea—
May shew that all is right and fair;
The Lawyer, too, has had his fee,
And gain'd your *suit*, but left you bare.

The following is given as the late Professor Porson's own candid admission of the result of his celebrated academic visit to the Continent:

"I went to Frankfort and got drunk,
With that most learn'd Professor, Brunck;
I went to Worts and got more drunken
With that more learn'd Professor, Ruhnken."

SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, FANS, &c. made by Foreigners in Distress. Some Spanish Military Officers, compelled to absent themselves from their Native country, by the peculiar circumstances of the times, take the liberty to announce to the liberal inhabitants of Liverpool, that they have on sale, at their Lodgings, No. 54, PITT-STREET, an Assortment of beautiful SILK NET HANDKERCHIEFS, of various colours and patterns; also, a variety of FANS, all of their own manufacture.

They have also to offer to the Public a valuable and rare COSMETIC.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli*".....VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME LII.

White.	*Black.*
1 Queen.....C—8 ✕	*1 King.....G—7
2 Queen.....D—7 ✕	†2 King.....F—6
3 Queen.....E—6 ✕	3 King.....G—7
4 Queen.....E—7 ✕	‡4 King.....H—6
5 Queen.....H—7 ✕	5 Bishop...H—7
6 Knight.....F—7 ✕	6 King.....H—5
7 Castle.....G—5 ✕ MATE.	

If the black bishop covers the check at F 7:
w. 3 Queen.....F—7 ✕ b. 3 King...H 8 or H 6
b. 4 Queen ...H—7 ✕ MATE.

If the black king moves to G 8:
w. 3 Bshop C 4 ✕
b. King H 8—or, b. Bishop F 7—or, b. King...F 8
w. 4 Queen H 7 ✕ w. Queen D 8 ✕ w. Kght. H 7 ✕
b. Bishp H 7 b. King...G 7 b. Bishp H 7
w. 5 Kngt. F 7 ✕ MATE. w. Kngt...F 7 ✕ MATE (by dis.) w. Queen D 8 or F 7 ✕ MATE.

If the black king moves to H 8:
w. 3 Queen ...H—7 ✕ b. 4 Bishop ...H—7
w. 4 Knight ...F—7 ✕ MATE.

If the black king moves to F 8:
w. 3 Knight...E—6 ✕ b. 3 King .....G—8
w. 4 Queen ...E—8 ✕ MATE.

* If the black bishop covered the check at E—8, the white knight would checkmate at F—7.

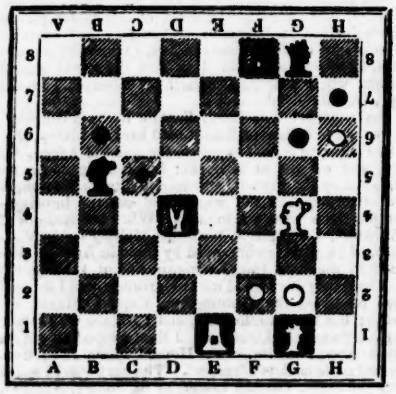
† If the black king moves to H—6
w. 3 Queen..H—7 ✕ b. Bishop..H—7
w. 4 Knight F—7 ✕ b. King....H—5
w. 5 Castle..G—5 ✕ Mate.

‡ If the black king moves to H—8, the white queen gives checkmate at F—8: if the black bishop covers the check at F—7, the white knight gives checkmate, by discovery, at F—7: if the black king moves to G—8:
w. 5 Bishop C—4 ✕
b. King..H—8—or, b. Bishop F—7
w. 6 Queen F—8 ✕ Mate w. 6 Knight F—7—✕ Mate, by disc.

[NO. LIII.]

The white to move, and to checkmate in seven moves.

Black.



WHITE.

Extraordinary Talents, and wonderful Progress in Learning.—The son of a clergyman in the neighbourhood of York, who began to learn his letters when three years and a half old, at four could read the Testament, and began to learn Latin; at four and a half could read any chapter in the Bible; before he was five could read in the Greek Testament without hesitation for chapters together, and also construe passages in it very prettily; at six left off altogether learning to read English, being at that time a very good reader; when nearly nine was full master of his Greek Testament; when a little turned eleven could construe Homer at opening any where, besides having read much in other Greek authors; his knowledge also at this time was more in Latin than in Greek; he has likewise (being now nearly twelve) learnt almost all the minor branches of mathematics, and is now learning algebra, and begun Euclid. A poetic talent appeared in him betwixt eight and nine, but he was stopped pursuing it, through fear of its impeding his other studies; but had leave given him betwixt ten and eleven, and since then he has written fifteen hundred lines in translations and on simple subjects qualified for the press, all of which have been wonderfully admired by those who have perused them.

Spanish Emigrants.—The silk net handkerchiefs, &c. made by the Spanish emigrants, whose advertisement appears in a preceding column, are to be procured also from Messrs. Wright Brothers and Co. Bold-street, and Mr. D. Hodges, Bold-street.—*See adv.*

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

Barometer.		Thermometer 8 morning.	Thermometer noon.	Extreme during Night.	State of the Wind.	Remarks.
June						
29	29 54	56 20	60 20	53 0	W.S.W.	Cloudy.
30	29 57	57 0	60 0	52 0	W.S.W.	Rain.
July						
1	29 70	59 20	63 20	54 0	N.W.	Fair.
2	30 10	57 0	62 20	52 0	W.N.W.	Fair.
3	30 12	58 0	67 20	54 0	N.W.	Fair.
4	30 16	59 0	66 0	53 20	W.N.W.	Fair.
5	30 26	60 20	67 0	57 20	W.N.W.	Fair.

REMARKS FOR JUNE.

Mean Barometrical height, 29.94.—Mean Temperature, 57.20.—Pluviometer, 2 in. 7 dec.—Prevailing winds, westerly. This month commenced very auspiciously for the agriculturist from the 11th to the 18th inclusive. The mean Temperature exceeded what is usually anticipated in June, on the 15th. The Thermometer reached 82° in the shade, being higher than on any day during the last summer. The month has also terminated very favourably from the 27th. There has been a progressive rise in the Barometer and Thermometer, and full Moon on the 30th, from which we may expect a continuance of fair weather.

Scientific Records.

LIST OF NEW PATENTS.

To William Henry James, of Cobourg-place, Winsongreen, near Birmingham, engineer, for improvements in apparatus for diving under water, and applicable to other purposes.—Dated, 31st May, 1825.—6 months to enrol specification.

To John Harvey Sadler, of Hoxton, Middlesex, machinist, for an improved power-loom for the weaving of silk, cotton, linen, wool, flax, and hemp, and mixtures thereof.—31st May.—6 months.

To Joseph Frederick Ledsam, merchant, and Benjamin Cook, brass-founder, both of Birmingham, for improvements in the production and purification of coal gas.—31st May.—6 months.

To Joseph Cowder, of New Radford, Nottinghamshire, lace-net manufacturer, for certain improvements on the pusher bobbin-net machine.—31st May.—6 months.

To Charles Powell, of Rockfield, Monmouthshire, gentleman, for an improved blowing-machine.—6th June.—6 months.

To Alfred Bernon, of Leicester-square, Middlesex, for improvements, communicated to him by a foreigner, in fulling-mills or machinery for fulling and washing woollen cloths, &c.—7th June.—6 months.

To Joseph Apedin, of Leeds, Yorkshire, bricklayer, for his method of making lime.—7th June.—2 months.

To Moses Poole, of the Patent-Office, Lincoln's-inn, Middlesex, gentleman, in consequence of a communication made to him by a certain foreigner, for the preparation of certain substances for making candles, including a wick peculiarly constructed for that purpose.—9th June.—6 months.

To John Burridge, of Nelson-square, Blackfriars-road, Surrey, merchant, for certain improvements in houses built of brick, or other materials, for the better ventilation of them, and other buildings.—9th June.—6 months.

To John Lindsey, of the Island of Herme, near Guernsey, Esq. for certain improvements in the construction of horse and carriage ways of streets, turnpike, and other roads, and an improvement or addition to wheels to be used thereon.—14th June.—6 months.

To William Henry James, of Cobourg-place, Winsongreen, near Birmingham, Warwickshire, engineer, for certain improvements in the construction of boilers for steam-engines.—14th June.—6 months.

To Jonathan Downton, of Blackwall, Middlesex, shipwright, for certain improvements in water-closets.—18th June.—6 months.

To William Mason, of Castle-street East, Oxford-street, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, Middlesex, axletree-manufacturer, for certain improvements in axletrees.—18th June.—6 months.

To Charles Phillips, of Upnor, in the parish of Findsbury, Kent, Esq., for a certain improvement or improvements in the construction of a ship's compass.—18th June.—6 months.

To George Atkins, of Drury-lane, Middlesex, gentleman, and Henry Marriott, of Fleet-street, London, ironmonger, for certain improvements on, and addition to, stoves or grates.—18th June.—6 months.

To Edward Jordan, of Norwich, engineer, for a new mode of obtaining power applicable to machinery.—18th June.—6 months.

To John Thompson, of Vincent-square, Westminster, and the London Steel-works, Thames-bank, Chelsea, and John Barr, of Halesowen, near Birmingham, engineer, for certain improvements in producing steam, applicable to steam-engines or other purposes.—21st June.—6 months.

To Thomas Worthington the younger, and John Mulliner, both of Manchester, Lancashire, small-ware manufacturers, for an improvement in the loom or machine used for the purpose of weaving tape and such other articles to which the loom may be applicable.—21st June.—6 months.

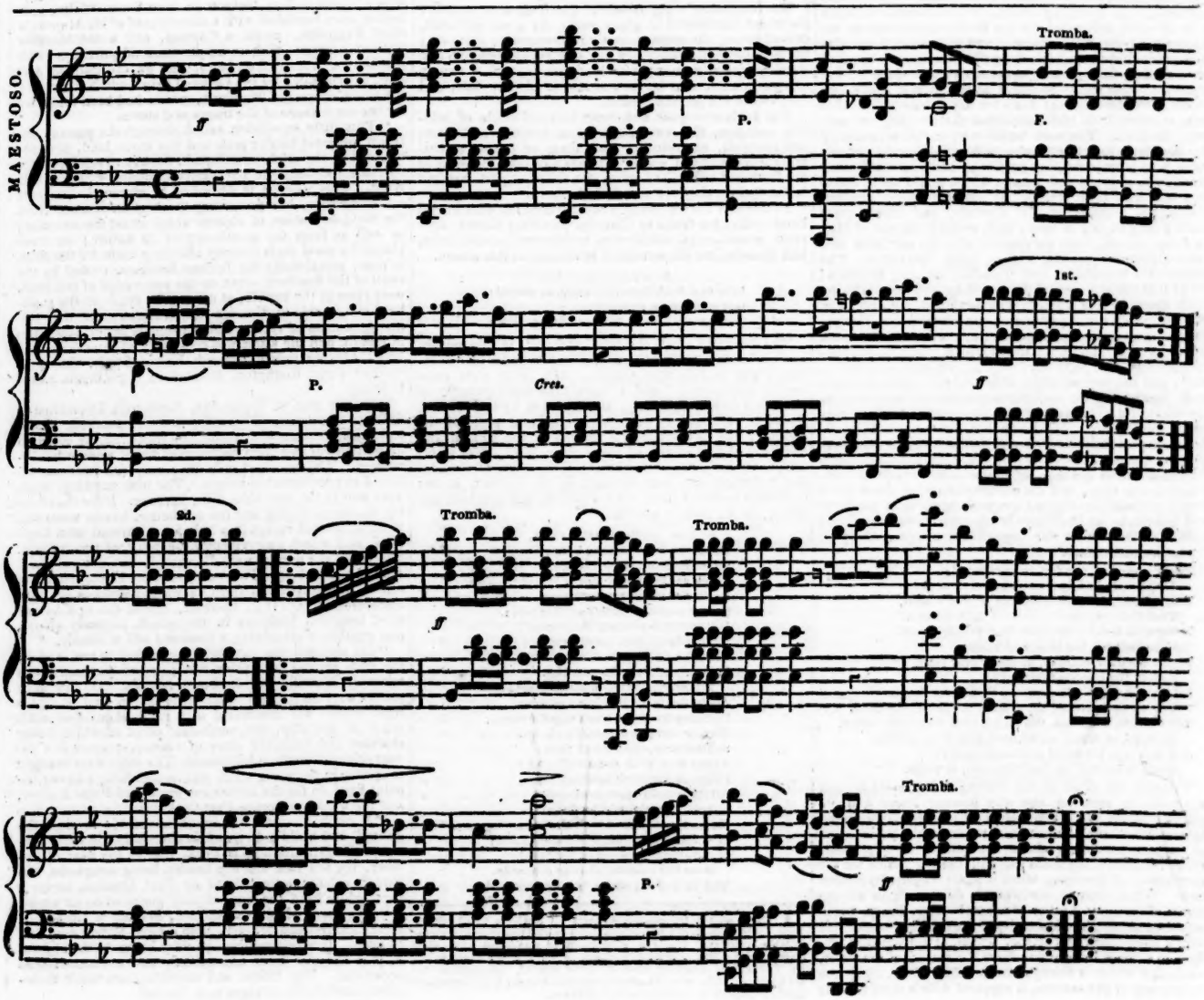
To Ross Corbett, of Glasgow, Scotland, merchant, for a new step or steps, to ascend and descend from carriages, &c.—21st June.—6 months.

To Philip Brooks, of Shelton in the Potteries, Staffordshire, engraver, for an improvement in the preparation of a certain composition, and the application thereof to the making of dies, moulds, or matrices, smooth surfaces, and various other useful articles.—21st June.—6 months.

To John Frederick Smith, of Dunston-hall, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, Esq., for certain improvements in machinery for drawing, roving, spinning, and doubling cotton, wool, &c.—21st June.—6 months.

MARCIA.

COMPOSED BY C. HARDING, CHESTER, FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE.



The Naturalist's Diary.

JULY, 1825.

[*From Time's Telescope.*]

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

As summer advances, the vocal music of the groves is lessened, and in this month may be said to cease altogether—if we except the chirping of the wren and two or three small birds. The yellow hammer *(emberiza citerinella)* forms its nest and lays its eggs very late in the year, it being quite the end of June, or the beginning of July, before any number of them are found: the eggs are to be distinguished from those of every other bird, by their being figured with irregular hair-like scratches, as if marked with a pen; so much so, that, in the midland counties, this bird is called a "scribbling lark"—in the northern counties he becomes a "blakeling" (from blake, yellow.) The yellow-hammer is perhaps one of the commonest birds we possess, being found in the summer season universally scattered about the hedge-rows of both open and inclosed places, though it never visits our gardens; in the winter they collect in large flocks, and frequent the farm-yard and home-stalls, feeding upon the small seeds they find there, but they retire to the hedges again on the approach of the breeding season. The nidification of birds is in general influenced by the facility of obtaining requisite food for their young; and it is possibly this circumstance that necessitates the yellow-hammer to breed so late, as they feed entirely upon seeds; and those of the grasses are ripe and in profusion at this period; and, no sooner is the herbage cut down for hay, than we see this most innocent little bird light upon the swathe, and animate the field. The rook builds very early, actuated by the same motive. She hatches in April, when the agriculturist is so busy in turning up the ground, now affording abundance of grubs and worms, which would not be found in a later and drier season. When this supply becomes scarce, the common chaffer abounds, and affords these birds a long supply of food; and, towards the end of May or June, our oak trees are covered with the old birds and their clamorous broods, feeding upon this insect. The turdus race (blackbirds and thrushes) are early breeders; for in that moist season of the year slugs and worms (fitting food) abound every where. The beautiful regulations of Nature, in all her departments, are admirable. The peculiar fitness and adaptation of every portion of organized life to its original design; the provision made for the continuation of this harmony, without collision or interruption; and the mutual chain of dependance which connects each portion, as far as human penetration can perceive, are wonderful to man; but only the natural result of Supreme intelligence. We know that the "ways of Providence are past finding out;" and, should we pry into her forbidden mysteries, it will be with confusion and abasement. At times, small portions of divine appointments are unfolded to our view, and the contemplation of these lights forms, perhaps, the highest range of intellectual pleasure, and convinces us that there is yet concealed a superlative excellence of wisdom far beyond the comprehension of "poor human nature."

There is no God, the fool in secret said:
  There is no God that rules on earth or sky:
Tear off the band that folds the wretch's head,
  That God may burst upon his faithless eye.
Is there no God? The stars in myriads spread,
  If he look up, the blasphemy deny,
Whilst his own features, in the mirror read,
  Reflect the image of Divinity.
Is there no God? The stream that silver flows,
  The air he breathes, the ground he treads, the trees,
The flowers, the grass, the sands, each wind that blows,
  All speak of God; throughout ONE VOICE agrees,
And eloquent his dread existence shows:
  Blind to thyself, ah, see him, fool, in these.

Towards the close of the month, the splendid fringed water-lily is seen on the slow-flowing rivers and on ponds. When the fructification of this wonderful plant is completed, the stem, which rose many feet, in order to support the flower above the surface of the water, sinks considerably beneath it, and there remains till the next season of flowering, when it again resumes its annual task. What consummate wisdom do we see in all the works of the great Author of nature! That flower, which would be injured by the severity of the weather, is endowed with a stem pliant and elastic, which, at a given time, refuses to support its burthen above the surface of the water, while that which is strong, and capable of enduring the inclemency of the seasons, is supplied with a stem capable of defying the rigour of the tempest. "Constant, fervent, and unchanging love," has been aptly compared to the water-lily;

A rude breath
May shake its leaves a moment; but its root
Is far too deep for storms.

Roses now lose their beauty; and it is with regret we see their fragrant petals scattered beneath our feet.

The rose is fragrant, but it fades in time;
The violet sweet, but quickly past its prime;
White lilies hang their heads, and soon decay,
And whiter snow in minutes melts away:
Such, and so withering, is our blooming youth.

O! how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
  By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
  For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
  As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly,
  When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue's only in their show,
  They live unmoved, and unrespected fade,
Die to themselves: sweet roses do not so;
  Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made.

The enchanter's nightshade; the Yorkshire sanicle; the water horehound or gipsy wort; the great cat's tail, or reed mace; the common nettle; goose grass; solanum; the belladonna; *(dulcamara and nigrum)* asparagus, and some species of rumex; with buck-wheat, and a variety of other plants, may be almost said to bloom, fade, and die, within the present month.

The fields now glow with every hue and shade of colorific radiance, the several species of *lychnis, cerastium,* and *spergula,* contributing their share of beauty to animate this delightful scene. Insects now take the place of the feathered tribe: and being, for the most part, hatched in the spring, they are now in full vigour.

In this and the following month, Pomona, with liberal hand, offers her fruits to allay the parching thirst: currants, gooseberries, raspberries, cranberries, strawberries, and cherries, are all peculiarly refreshing at this season.

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted;
But yet a union in partition.
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.

The storms of wind, and rain, and *hail,* in this month, are not unfrequently accompanied by thunder and lightning; and in July and August, 1824, there were some terrific *hail-storms,** and a more than usual quantity of sheet and forked lightning, accompanied by loud-rolling thunder. Many lives were lost in different parts of the country, and the cattle fell victims to the sudden and widely-extended power of the electric fluid. The awful and terror-striking, but salutary phenomena of thunder and lightning, are well depicted by Mr. Balfour, in the following powerful lines, with which we will conclude our Diary for the present month.

Sudden, on the dazzled sight,
Darts the keen electric light;
Shooting from the lurid sky,
Quick as thought it mocks the eye:
Rolling thunder rends the ear,
Seems to shake earth's solid sphere:
Hill and dale prolong the sound,
Echoes deep, each cavern round;
Till afar, in distant skies,
Fainter still, it fades and dies.
  Hushed the peal—a pause succeeds—
Again the forky lightning speeds;
Bursting from the black cloud's womb,
Blazing o'er the deepening gloom.
Shattered by the arrowy flash,
At my feet, with groaning crash,
Falls the forest's branching pride,
All its honours scattered wide!
  Louder peals, and louder still,
Shake the vale, and rock the hill;
Mountains tremble, green woods nod;
Nature hears, and owns her God!
Soon the rushing shower descends,
The dark cloud melts, the tempest ends;
Bright again the lord of day
Sheds abroad his cheering ray;
Creation smiles, and joy and love
Enliven mountain, glen, and grove;
Reviving blossoms pour their rich perfume;
And Nature glows in renovated bloom.

* There was a tremendous storm of hail on the 14th of July, 1824, which did considerable mischief in different parts of the country. Upon a valuation, it appeared that the damage done to the growing crops of corn near Dunmow, in Essex, in consequence of this storm, amounted to £14,827 6s. 5d.; and its effects were felt upon 3487 acres of land, occupied by seventy-seven persons.

The Traveller.

NEW SETTLEMENT ON THE NORTH COAST OF NEW HOLLAND.

The following account of the new settlement formed by his Majesty's ship Tamar, Captain Gordon Bremer, C.B. by his Majesty's command, on the North coast of New Holland, is extracted from the *Bombay Courier* of January 29, 1825.

"We understand that his Majesty's ship Tamar, which has arrived here, was despatched from England in February 1824, for the purpose of forming a settlement on the North coast of New Holland, or Australia, and for assuming formal possession of that part of the new continent, in the name of his Majesty, the King of Great Britain. The Tamar proceeded, in the first instance, through Bass's Straits to Port Jackson in New South Wales, and having been furnished with a detachment of his Majesty's third Regiment, under a Captain, and a considerable body of convicts, with an ample store of provisions and necessaries, proceeded on her voyage on the 24th of August, accompanied by the Colonial brig Lady Nelson, and the ship Countess of Harcourt, which had been taken up for the conveyance of the troops and stores.

"This little expedition sailed through the passage between the great barrier reefs and the main land, first attempted by the celebrated Captain Cook, and subsequently by those indefatigable navigators Captains Flinders and King. This passage is described as extremely intricate and dangerous, but possessing the highest interest from the rapid succession of objects which arrest the attention, as well as from the peculiarity of its nature; in some places the coral reefs scarcely affording room for the ships to pass; occasionally the furious breakers, caused by the swell of the Southern ocean on the outer edge of the reefs, were close to the vessels; at others, the eye from the masthead was unable to discover the termination of this tremendous mass of rock. This passage is about 500 miles in length, and the water was constantly as smooth as in a lake. Having passed through Forres Strait, the ships reached Point Essington, situated in a peninsula called Cobourg.

"On the 21st of September, boats were despatched in different directions. The soil was found parched, sandy, and thickly strewn with sand-stone rocks, highly coloured by particles of iron, and no traces of water were to be discovered. The trees had only in a very few instances attained any considerable height. The next morning, boats were sent to the west side of the harbour. Here the country was found higher and the soil better, but no water was to be discovered except in a hole fenced round with bamboos, and which was evidently the work of the Malays. Traces of the natives were discovered, but none of them showed themselves. The value of Port Essington is, of course, much reduced, from no water having as yet been discovered there. It is, however, one of the noblest and most beautiful harbours in the world, perfectly secure, and capable of containing a thousand sail of vessels.

"On the 23d the expedition proceeded to sea, and on the 26th arrived in Apsley Strait, when possession was taken of Melville and Bathurst Islands. On the 27th parties were despatched in search of water, and at last a small stream was discovered in a cove, about five miles south of the ship, the north-east point of which being elevated and tolerably clear of timber, presented a favourable position for a settlement. The ships were brought to anchor in the cove, which was named King's Cove; the point fixed on for the settlement was called Point Barlow, and the whole anchorage Port Cockburn.

"A commencement was immediate made to clear the ground, and build a fort, and so cheerfully did every person in the expedition go to work, that on the 21st of October, the sea face and one bastion being completed, the British colours were hoisted on Fort Dundas, under a royal salute from the guns already mounted on its works.

"The fort, which is completed, is built of timber, of great hardness and solidity, with a ditch 10 feet deep and 15 wide. It is rectangular, its sides being 75 feet by 60. A pier has also been constructed, and a Commissariat storehouse. The troops and convicts have built themselves comfortable cottages near the fort.

"Until the 25th of October none of the natives of the country made their appearance, when a party of ten was discovered up a small river in Bathurst Island. They were armed with spears, which they threw down, to show that they intended nothing hostile, accompanying the action with loud and incessant talking and vehement gestures. Endeavours were immediately made to establish an intercourse with them, but they would only come so near as to take a handkerchief and some trifles, which were put towards them on the end of an oar; they, however, afterwards went away apparently well satisfied. On the same afternoon a party of them came down to the settlement, surprised some of the men, who were cutting wood, and took their axes from them, of the use of which they appeared to have a very correct idea. After their retreat a party went in land, and by friendly signs drew them near the fort; but nothing could induce them to come within the line of huts. Nothing was said about the three axes that they had stolen, and three others were given them, when they retired again into the wood. Two days after this they again surprised two men, and took an axe and a reaping-hook, and when they were made to understand that this system of plunder would not be permitted, they went away apparently displeased and meditating some mischief.

"Nothing was seen of them after this till the 30th, when eighteen or twenty of them surprised the boat at the watering place. A corporal of marines fired over their heads, but at last many spears were thrown, one of which grazed a midshipman's back, when he singled out the leader, and fired direct at him, who either fell from being struck, or threw himself down. After this none of them made their appearance near the settlement.

"These people are generally above the middle stature, their limbs straight and well formed, possessing wonderful elasticity, and rather actively than strongly built. Their colour is nearly black, their hair coarse, but not woolly, and almost all of them are marked with a kind of tattoo. The men were entirely naked; but two females that were seen wore a small mat of grass or rushes fastened round the body.

"Their arms are—the spear, which is a slight shaft, well hardened by fire, about ten feet long, and the waddy, a short stick, which they threw with wonderful precision, striking with certainty a bird on the top of the tallest tree. The natives of this part of New Holland resemble those of New South Wales, but appear to stand a degree higher in the gradatory scale of the human species. In person they are certainly superior, and the covering of the women is no doubt a step towards a higher degree of civilization. Their notions of a Supreme Being and of a future state are evidently less confused and barbarous, for on Bathurst Islands there was found the tomb of a native, which, from its simplicity, and the order in which it was kept, would not have disgraced people much further advanced in intellectual endowment. It was of an oblong shape, open at one end, the remaining sides being railed round with small trees about eight feet in height, many of which were curiously carved with a stone or shell, and surmounted by the waddys of the deceased. The earth was raised above the level, as is usual with Europeans, but this part was not more than three feet long, and at the head stood a piece of canoe and a spear. The sand and bushes were kept clear from around the tomb, and nothing could exceed the neatness of the interior of the area. It is quite unusual to find this respect for the dead among the natives of Australia.*

"The soil of these islands, as far as a judgment could be formed, appeared to be excellent, and probably capable of producing all the fruits and valuable shrubs of the eastern islands. The plants brought from Sidney flourish luxuriantly, and in pursuing the stream of water which has been mentioned, several large ponds were found in the neighbourhood, near which, there is no doubt, valuable rice plantations may be made.

"Amongst the timber, some of which is of majestic height, and well calculated for many purposes of human industry, were found a species of lignum-vitæ, the cabbage palm, and the sago palm, with several others, the names of which were not known. There was also a tree which produced a species of cotton, samples of which have been sent to England.

"The fish found were chiefly skate, and a small species of bass, and the supply of them was by no means certain.

"The animals seen on the island were the kangaroo, the native dog, bandicoot, opossum, rat, and flying squirrel. The birds are the pheasant, quail, parrot, parequet, pigeon, curlew, and a sort of snipe. A few snakes were seen, which, from having fangs, were evidently venomous. Centipedes and scorpions were also found, but, on the whole, the poisonous reptiles are by no means numerous.

"The climate appears to be in every respect as good as any to be found between the tropics, the thermometer rarely reaching 88, in the hottest period of the day. Necessity obliged both officers and men employed in forming the settlement to be constantly exposed to a vertical sun, yet, fortunately, few of them suffered, and none of them very severely, the fever which made its attack quickly yielding to medicine.

"The harbour is of the finest description; the entrance is, however, rather narrow, and must, whenever it becomes much frequented, have buoys laid down to direct vessels approaching it. The situation possesses great capabilities, both in a commercial and military point of view.

"The settlement was left under charge of Captain Barlow, of the 3d Regiment, whose force consists of one subaltern and 23 men of the 3d Regiment, one subaltern and 26 men of the Royal Marines, one assistant-surgeon, and three of the Commissariat department. There are also 44 convicts, and three free mechanics. The colonial brig Lady Nelson, 68 tons, and 10 men, is stationed near the settlement."

* Might not this tomb contain the ashes of one, who, from superior wisdom or superior prowess, had undergone, even among these rude people, a kind of apotheosis, and at whose shrine, so carefully preserved, they were in the habit of paying their devotions?—*Editor.*

Miscellanies.

MOUSE TREAD-MILL.

In the 4th volume of the *Kaleidoscope*, pages 42, 147, we made some observations upon the employment of mice in the tread-mill, for the purpose of manufacturing cotton-yarn, at Kirkaldy, in Scotland. Since that time we have heard nothing more of the subject until an article appeared in that excellent work the *Glasgow Mechanics' Magazine*, in the form of a letter, from a proprietor of a mouse manufactory establishment. From this entertaining letter we select the following paragraph:

"I had one mouse that ran the amazing distance of 18 miles a day; but I have proved to a certainty, that an ordinary mouse runs 10½ miles at an average; and a halfpenny worth of oatmeal is sufficient for its support for 35 days, during which it runs 735 half miles. Now, suppose a steam-engine of only one half ounce power, with a piston rod 735 half miles in length, it is evident that one stroke of such an engine would just cost a halfpenny. A steam-engine of 12 inches diameter atmospheric power has a force equal to 36,288 half ounces; let this engine have 18 inches of a stroke; in 735 half miles there is 1,293,600 half yards; divide this by 36,288, the number of half ounces in the engine's power, and we have 35½ strokes nearly; so that a halfpenny spent on mouse power, is equal to 35½ strokes of a twelve inch diameter engine. If any of thy ingenious correspondents would state the expense of 35½ strokes of such an engine, we would then see what difference in expense there is betwixt the power of mice and that of steam."

Although we have noticed this employment of mice as a curiosity, we by no means approve of it, and we are of opinion that it would be more humane to dispose of them in the ordinary way.

Voracity of Tadpoles.—A correspondent of the *Mechanics' Register* says, that being lately engaged in trying the power of some microscopes, he procured several small objects from the ponds in the vicinity of Camden-town, and among others he had some of those little animals commonly called tittle-bats, and also some very small tadpoles out of the same pond, which he suffered to remain in the same bottle for future experiments, not imagining that any harm could happen to the fish; but upon examining the bottle two days afterwards, not a fish was to be found in it. Upon a very minute examination, he discovered the tadpoles in very good spirits, and that his fish had been reduced to *perfect* skeletons, except that their eyes remained untouched. He has tried the experiment twice since, and in both cases with the same result. He mentioned the case to Dr. Birkbeck, and several other gentlemen, and they all appeared not to be aware of the fact.

A few days ago was sold, at Evans's, Pall-mall, for £33. 12s. to the Duke of Buckingham, the first tract ever published upon America. It was the celebrated Letter of Columbus, which was long supposed to have been lost, and was unknown to Robertson when he wrote his history of America. There were two editions printed, one with a date, and the other without.

Affecting Story.—Some time ago, a young man took up his residence in a Scottish village, much celebrated for its delightful situation and mineral waters. During his stay, he succeeded in gaining the affections of a very amiable young girl, daughter of the person with whom he lodged. He told her he was a younger branch of a most respectable family in the north of Scotland, and that, owing to some domestic misfortunes, he was then in a kind of exile from his father's house. By this representation he had the address to draw money, to a considerable amount, from the affectionate and trusting girl. At length, pretending business, he took leave, solemnly pledging to return in a few weeks and make her his wife. About three months after his departure, a letter was delivered to her, dated from a jail in the south of Scotland. It proved to be from her lover, and stated that a short time after leaving her, he had, from necessity, contracted a trifling debt, and had been thrown into prison: at the same time entreating her, as she valued his regard, to relieve him from a situation so unworthy. The faithful girl, listening only to the dictates of her love, set off immediately, with all the money she could procure, to give him liberty. In an inclement season—through a country with which she was unacquainted—she at length reached the place of her destination. With slow and feeble step, she proceeded upwards in the principal street, but found it impossible to advance, owing to an immense crowd of people to witness the punishment of a criminal. She stepped on the stairs leading to a shop, and involuntarily turning her eyes upon the poor wretch writhing under the lash of the executioner, beheld the object of her tender solicitude. A large placard was placed upon his breast, intimating that the punishment was for the crime of theft. In a state of insensibility she sank into the arms of one of the by-standers. Reason never again dawned on her darkened mind: and, at this moment, she is to be seen wandering in her native village, an affecting instance of the basest villany triumphing over unsuspecting innocence. —*Edinburgh Observer.*

Cibber one day calling to Booth, who he knew was at home, a female domestic denied him. Colley took no notice of this at the time, but when a few days after, Booth paid him a visit in return, called out from the first floor that he was not at home. "How can that be?" said Booth, "Do not I hear your voice?"—"To be sure you do," replied Cibber; "but what then? I believed your servant-maid, and it is hard indeed if you won't believe me."

A French author, who has recently published a "Tour through England," calls plum-pudding *poudin de plomb*, (lead pudding) and translates Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale* into *Conte de Mr. Winter*. The minister Pitt, he says, was called *Billy*, because he introduced so many *bills* into Parliament.

Dancing to some tune.—The *Petit Mercure*, a clever French work, published in London, states that Mazurier, the celebrated French dancer, is engaged at Drury-lane, at £40 per night. He now receives 600 francs per night at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, at Paris; and it is said that the managers have realized 300,000 francs during the two years that he has been engaged there.

Chinese Saw.—A saw has been introduced into France and the colonies, which will saw the largest and longest trees when laid on the ground, and not placed on stocks, as is the common practice. This instrument, originally of Chinese invention has not been hitherto much known; and, though already found to be very useful, is susceptible of much improvement.

An elephant, which has been kept for some time in a shed near Chitpore, got loose on Wednesday, and being pursued by several strangers, as well as his keeper, took flight, and, after running for a mile or two, seized two men with his trunk, whom, after dashing them on the ground, he trampled to death. After that he was fortunately secured, but not without some difficulty.—*Bengal Hurkaru. June* 11.

The following is the official account of the devastation committed by the wolves in the Government of Livonia, only in the year 1823. They devoured horses, 1841; foals, 1243; horned cattle, 1807; calves, 733; sheep, 15,182; lambs, 726; goats, 2545; kids, 183; swine, 4190; sucking pigs, 312; dogs, 703; geese, 673.

A patent has been taken out by a gun-maker, in London, for a new method of discharging fire-arms. It renders the present lock unnecessary, is simple and safe, not being liable to accidents, and will materially reduce the price of guns and pistols

Correspondence.

"LE BON TEMPS VIENDRA."*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Is there magic in a simple phrase? Can a few short words conjure up a talisman to soothe the soul withal? Yes. I have felt it in that line, "*Le bon temps viendra*," which has been to one in the world's wild wilderness as the rose of Sharon; as the beauteous glow-worn in the darkness of night. Happy was he who placed those words together; happy he who fixes them in his heart as an Ægis, more durable than brass, against the ills of life. Man is a being of a restless spirit; and what is contentment, but a mere chimera! This world, all glorious as it is, was never meant for the home of man. It was nature's self that gave him that unquiet spirit which the present cannot satisfy—for ever hoping for better things—for ever longing for what it has not; and if it possess all that the world can bestow, still craving for something which the world claims not; and when it has conquered the whole globe, weeping that there is not yet another left to conquer. There scarcely needs a stronger proof of a future state than this longing of the soul for what exists not here. The past is as a thing of nought—the vision of a busy dream; the present filleth not the heart; but the future is all our own—ordered and guided by our own free will—full of all things that are bright and lovely; and though reality has shown us that Hope herself is faithless, yet is she our heart's beloved, our guest and solace unto death, and humblest, yet strongest, in that dread hour—"*Le bon temps viendra.*" Aye, I have been the plaything of that phrase from very boyhood. In my schoolboy days, mid tasks and flagellations, and a host of petty sorrows, methought the happy time would come when I should be freed from those galling trammels, and launch into that world which seemed so fair. It came at last; yet was it not the gay and happy time I looked for: there came along with it regret to leave that scene of such mingled feelings of joy and sorrow, to part from the friends of my youth and companions of my sports, and even that pale, gray-haired master, whom I thought not I could reverence so much. Other toils awaited me, and harder tasks and deeper studies; and surely, said I, when I have surmounted these, and claimed the honour which crowns them, then "*le bon temps viendra.*" Yet that time came also, and with it the conviction that anticipation could excel reality. The current of my days was altered. Then the cares of life crept on me: fame and fortune were to be sought, and "a local habitation and a name" gained among men; and now, while I am toiling on that rugged path, I still cry with undiminished energy and unabated hope, "*Le bon temps viendra!*" How widely does thy influence extend, sweet sentence! How dost thou illuminate the dark spirit, and elevate the drooping heart! Does not the expectant heir fondly cherish thee, as he views the wasting form of some wealthy relative, and sighs over his tenacity of life? Does not the young adventurer, who leaves both home and love to court the smiles of fortune in some foreign clime, revel in the blissful hope that "*le bon temps viendra*," when he shall again return to his country and his bride? Does not the toil-worn soldier, on his long and dreary march, half naked and famished, pervert thy peaceful meaning, to the brutal hope of rioting to satiety in the plundered city of the conquered enemy? Does not the widowed mother cherish thee, when she looks on her smiling babe, and trusts she may live to see him great and good, as her own fond wish would make him? Does not the very beggar, as he turns away from the cold reproof, think, though he cannot say, "*le bon temps viendra?*" Child of sorrow, dry thy tears! Son of poverty, cease thy complaining! know that thou art not yet quite comfortless, and grave this maxim deeply in thy heart—"*Le bon temps viendra.*" NATHAN.

* Good times will come.

The Drama.

THE THEATRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Sinclair made his first appearance in this town, since his Continental trip, on Monday evening, in the opera of *The Cabinet*; and although the masterly voice of Braham has not yet lost its vibration on my ear, I was not only delighted but astonished at the very splendid manner in which Mr. Sinclair executed the beautiful airs. He has introduced several effects in the volata passages truly electric, and extremely chaste; he has, indeed, reached the summit of his profession. His voice is much improved, having gained a body of tone I never remember to have witnessed before from him. In the air "The Beautiful Maid," and particularly "The Polacca," (which has ever been Braham's darling) he was, indeed, splendid, and produced an energy which highly gratified the audience. Both songs were unanimously encored, as also the "Bird duet," with Miss Holdaway; in which she exerted her talents to great effect, and gained high credit. Her acting of Floretta was exceedingly spirited.

Mr. C. Bland was very successful in his song—"Sweet cheering Hope," and in the duet of "All's well," with Mr. Sinclair, which was also rapturously encored. His voice blended with Mr. Sinclair's delightfully.

Mrs. Haydn Corri personated the fair Constantia, and introduced Bishop's fine song—"Far from his native mountains torn," in the most finished style. Her voice was brilliant, and her rapidity of execution and shake bespoke her very greatly talented. This lady is, indeed, a very decided favourite.

On Wednesday, the new opera, *Native Land*, was performed: it is a selection of Italian music, and gave Mr. Sinclair an opportunity of displaying his excellence in the Italian school. The first song, "Farewell to Hope and Glory," was a very delicate and chaste performance; and the acting song, "Deep in a Dungeon," was encored from the double gratification of energetic and expressive singing and also very animated and effective acting.

Mrs. Haydn Corri (Clymante, a very arduous undertaking,) showed her zeal for public favour by her chaste style of executing the difficult music of this piece. Her first song, "Lightly beats the Heart," by Zingarelli, was most chastely sung, and received very great applause, also the ballad, "Julio told me when we parted;" but in the beautiful duet, "Lo! when Show'rs decending," with Miss Holdaway, nothing could exceed the rich display of talent; and a most difficult trio, "Hark, 'tis the Nightingale," by Mr. Sinclair, Miss Holdaway, and Mrs. H. Corri, was delightfully executed.

Miss Holdaway (Cœlio) was all life in the little female hero. Her songs were delivered most pleasingly; and in the duet, "Lo, when Show'rs descending," she exerted her petite voice to great effect; her precision in the trio was also much applauded.

Mrs. Haydn Corri introduced a new song, "Cupid, thou dear Deceiver," composed by A. Lee, of Dublin; it is a very splendid production; and I find this gentleman is also the composer of "Hours of Rapture," which is, indeed, much superior to the general productions of the present day.

A SON OF APOLLO.

GYMNASIA.

Many of our readers will recollect Mons. Beaujeux, who gratified the public with a novel and interesting display of gymnastic exploits in Paris's Rooms, in Hardman-street, last winter. That exhibition gave so much satisfaction, that Mons. B. was not only solicited to prolong his stay in Liverpool, but to establish an academy for teaching gymnastics, similar to those on the Continent, and that in London. Mons. Beaujeux had, however, a previous invitation to establish himself in Dublin, where we are glad to hear his reception has been most flattering. We copy the following account of one of his recent public exhibitions from a Dublin paper:

Grand Exhibition of Gymnastic Evolutions.—"Yesterday, Mons. Boujeaux, the celebrated Professor of Gymnastics, reviewed four hundred of the boys of the Hibernian School, in the Phœnix Park, and made them go through a variety of experimental tests, to prove their progress in gymnastic exercises, in which he has been some time past instructing them. This interesting examination commenced at three o'clock precisely, and terminated at five. Nearly all the governors of the institution were present, a great number of general officers, and military characters of distinction, and about fifteen hundred spectators, including many noblemen and persons of the first rank. The performances of the boys gave great satisfaction, and drew forth the warmest expressions of admiration. The skill and ability in the arrangement, and the superior talents of the Professor in the mode of instruction, were highly praised. It was generally acknowledged that he here realized all that has been said and written on the utility of the gymnastic art; and that our bodily powers can, under a proper course of instruction, put forth all their energies and capabilities, far beyond what the most sanguine expectations could anticipate."

We are gratified to learn that Mons. Beaujeux is about to repeat his visit to Liverpool, and we are led to expect him here this day, or to-morrow. Availing himself of the vacation season, he purposes to give a public lecture and exhibition of gymnastics, and also to give lessons, if a sufficient number of pupils can be found.

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To Correspondents.

In consequence of the copious extracts we have given from the Crusaders, we have unavoidably postponed several communications prepared for publication, which, however, shall be forthwith attended to.—*No Fiction* shall positively appear in our next, when we expect also to commence our reprint of Gibbon's Essay on the Study of Literature.

OWEN ROBERTS.—In bringing to a termination the humble self-told narrative of this veteran sailor, we repeat our hope, that its publicity may induce some benevolent individuals to exert themselves in his behalf.—To send him to the Workhouse without his wife, would be a sad bereavement to this poor old man, who has no comfort except her exemplary care and attention.—If some considerate person would interest himself in behalf of this blind and weather-beaten tar, it is our opinion that he might be put upon the out-door list of parish paupers.

EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.—We particularly solicit the attention of our readers to the dissertation which forms the first article in the present *Kaleidoscope*, and which, without some such hint, they might pass over, not expecting that any thing new can be said on the subject of the Pyramids.—We believe, however, that there are one or two points in the interesting paper we recommend to their perusal, upon which few writers have bestowed the attention they seem to merit.

When we pledged ourselves to attend this week to the communication of *An Adventurer*, the queries of *A Subscriber*, and of *T. S.* we were not aware of the circumstance which has obliged us to postpone them another week. Saturday is our most busy day with the *Kaleidoscope*; and last Saturday was the Liverpool Printers' Annual Dinner, in consequence of which all our printers were more employed with their knives and forks than with their composing sticks.

We have just room to acknowledge *J. W. S.*—*An Old Maid of Erin.*

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